

Seneca

"Progress Or A Lack Thereof"

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For now, just for old times sake, I need you in my arms.
Now the victor is the victim, and failure takes it place.
Could this hierarchy ever fall. Could this thirst be
quenched. My fingers can't move fast enough to
cleanse me of my impurities. Strong as death. This is
all going to end wrong. You're ripping out the heart of
the earth. It's not the end of the universe just because
your life is over. You will give in. You're consuming the
innocent and this will end you. I hate these streets of
evolution where there is no progression.

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